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QUITE TRUE!

"President McKinley's Bimetallic Commission has started for home."—*Daily Papers.*



#### AN UNPROMISING PROSPECT.

"Well," exclaimed the new Captain-General of Cuba, "now for business. Matters here are going to be conducted with a little more speed than under my predecessor."

"More speed!" hopelessly moaned the old secretary. "Great Machete! Worshipful Sire, Weyler had a speed of one hundred and eighty words a minute in ordinary dictation."

#### THE MONSTERS.

"I am trying to think," said the Sultan, "of some new atrocities to inflict on the conquered provinces."

"Yes?" said Tewfik Pasha. "How would it do to enact a few Sunday-closing laws?"

#### THAT WOULD BRING HEAT.

WARWICK.—That man, Wilkins, is a genius. He has the finest plan I ever heard of for raising the temperature of Alaska.

WICKWIRE.—What's his scheme? Going to fasten an *aurora borealis* in position so that it will keep off the North Winds during the day?

WARWICK.—No; he's going to build a hotel and advertise the place as a cool Summer resort.

THE CURRICULUM of the average girl's school reminds you of the repair kit of the average girl's bicycle.



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#### IMPATIENT.

HE.—I told your father we expected to be married next month, and he was wild.

SHE.—What did he say?

HE.—He wanted to know why we could n't make it next week.

#### A TRAGEDY.

THAT ALL the world's a stage, is true,  
Hence Jones's broken heart;  
For he's compelled from night to night  
To play a walking part.

Performance lasts from nine P. M.  
Till break the morning's rays.  
And Jones's eighteen-month-old son  
The heavy villain plays.

McLandburgh Wilson.

JOHNNY.—What is a Socialist, Pa?

PATERFAMILIAS.—A Socialist, my son, is a man who, being poor, wishes to make everybody else as poor as he is himself.

THE REASON a woman is in no hurry to die is that she wishes to sweep into heaven after everybody else is seated.



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#### A PLAIN FACT.

MINTZENHEIMER.—It says here in dis baper, "Berseference is der vatchvordt ohf success. Efen our failures should be der stepping-stones to ultimate achievement."

ISAACSTEIN.—Yes; dot vas peesness!





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### THE GAME OF GOLF.

THE ENTHUSIAST.—The game consists in getting the balls over the course with the smallest possible number of strokes. You can understand that?

FRIEND.—Of course! The players naturally desire to get through with it as soon as possible.

### A SERIOUS MATTER.

"Did you hear of the split in the Church of the Extended Invocation?" asked Fosdick.

"No; I have n't heard," replied Keedick; "what could it be about? I thought the members of that church were the most united in the city."

"They have always borne that reputation, but there is trouble enough there now."

"What about?"

"The members decided to give their pastor a bicycle, and, after the money had been collected, the question of what make of wheel to get came up, and you can easily imagine the rest."

ONE OF the striking features of the Millennium will be the increased prevalence of common sense.

### FROM MR. ISOLATE'S POINT OF VIEW.

MRS. ISOLATE (of Lonelyville, laying aside the newspaper).—In the Winter, everything in the Yukon Valley, on the Klondike, is frozen tight; in the Summer, there are more mosquitos, and larger ones, than in New Jersey; and provisions are one thousand per cent. higher than in New York all the year round. Think of it, Ferdinand!

MR. ISOLATE (earnestly).—What an ideal suburb!

### THE STRATEGY OF MR. WOOLBERTON.

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MR. WOOLBERTON.—Dis yere mawl may be kind an' gentle an' wantant not t' kick; but he ain't gwine t' do me no good if I can't git him home.

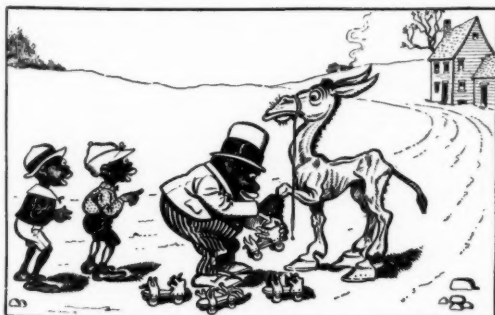


"Say! yo' two boys doan' want to see yo' po' ole Uncle Randolph lose dis mawl, does yo'? Cert'nly not! Den lend me yoah roller skates."

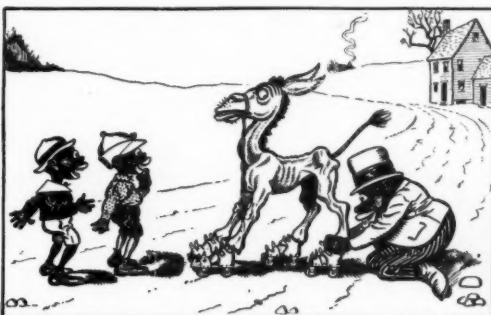
ONE OBJECTION to budding genius is that it is inclined to blow.

THE CHURCH is in the nature of an overhead strap, probably connected with heaven, whereby men are enabled to stand well in the community.

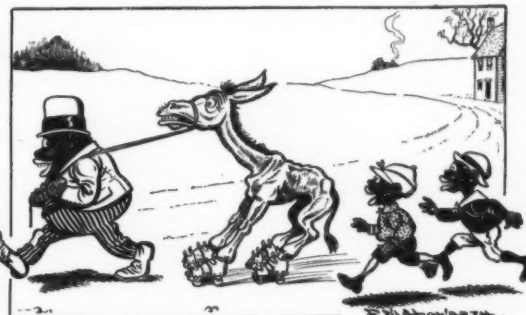
HAPPINESS is the anticipation of pleasure.



"Say! dis mawl cert'nly doan' do no kickin', dat's right! Whoa, Bill!"



THE MULE.—Say! I wonder what that coon is up to, anyway? I believe I would kick him if I thought he was going to play any trick on me.



MR. WOOLBERTON.—Oh! dat's all right! Hol' yo'self just as stiff as yo' wants; it makes it all de easier pullin' fo' me. Come on, boys, up to de house, an' I'll gib yo' back yo' skates and each a piece ob hot bread an' honey!

## A QUESTION OF WORK.



THE CADI was eating with energy and in silence, so I knew something was in store for me. The Cadi is a good parent, so good that had I been given a choice I could have made no better selection; but, like all fathers, he is likely at times to be overbearing. He is ruler at our house.

"My son," said the Cadi, with decision, as he neared the homestretch of his meal, "have you ever thought what business or profession you wish to follow?"

My heart sickened; I realized that I stood in the presence of a great crisis of my life, and instinctively there came a strong desire to dodge. I allowed my twenty-year body to shrink to a fourteen-year size, as I meekly queried:

"Why, father?"

"Why?" echoed the Cadi. "Why? It is time you were at work learning to make a living; that's why!"

"Now, Henry," interceded my chief counsel before the court of the Cadi, "don't be hard on the boy. Remember, he was in school until last June and he needs a vacation."

"Vacation!" thundered the Cadi; "well, maybe he does." This was said somewhat sarcastically; but then came hard and harsh: "when I was a boy we never thought of vacations. No use of argument. This young man must be learning to do something. Have you ever thought, my son, what you will do in this world to make yourself useful?"

"Yes, father, I have thought a great deal about it," I answered with a bold face. "I would like to be a lawyer, or a merchant, or a journalist, or—any old thing."

The Cadi frowned. He cleared his throat authoritatively. Then he proclaimed the decree:

"Very well. I am going downtown in half an hour. Get yourself ready, and we will see what can be found for you."

I obeyed. As the Cadi and I left, my chief counsel stood in the door. She planted a fond kiss on my cheek and muttered lovingly, "Poor boy!" The Cadi sneered, "Poor boy!" I felt much as if I were going forth to battle.

After the Cadi had attended to some minor matters at his office, he beckoned me, and we started forth to find work. The Cadi said he had a friend, a Great Merchant, to whom we first went.

"My son is seeking a business," said the Cadi to the Great Merchant. The Great Merchant surveyed me, and I became embarrassed.

"A bright-looking young man," said the Great Merchant. "A jolly," said I, to myself. "What are his qualifications?" asked the Great Merchant.

"He is wide-awake and energetic," continued the Cadi, and I wondered why he had never told me so before. "He is shrewd; and, more, he is honest. I am impressed with the possibilities of this business, so I thought if you —"

"Tut, tut!" interrupted the Great Merchant, holding up his hand.

"You surely have been misled. This business is about the worst of any which a young man could select as life-work. It is drudgery. From morning until night a man is made miserable by a thousand and one annoying little things. I would get out of it to-morrow if it were possible to get seventy-five per cent. of my investment out of it. I would rather have a son of mine running a motor-car than to be tied, body and soul, to this business. But if your son really wants to begin I can find him a place at four dollars or five dollars a week. That is where I commenced. A man has to build up. In time he may be able to command ten dollars or twelve dollars a week. The chances

of your son ever owning a business are slim, without you have great wealth with which to start him. It takes capital now to begin with, and it takes capital to run with. Syndicates control the business, and a poor boy stands no chance. No; your son should try something else, something not so killing to a man's nerves."

My proud spirit would not bow to four dollars a week. The Cadi was not over-pleased with what he heard. We thanked the Great Merchant, and, making a flank movement, advanced on the office of a Great Lawyer.

The Great Lawyer was very busy, but he gave us a cordial reception.

"So your boy wants to enter the profession of law," he repeated, looking at me judicially and speaking in a decisive way, as if in the habit of getting ten dollars a word for expressions. "Grant that your son is bright, studious, energetic and honest, permit me to advise that he consider some other business. The profession of law is crowded. When I began the opportunities were better than they are now. The life

of a lawyer is one of cares, hard study and worry. If he has no business he worries, and if he has business he worries. It is a dog's life. I would never let a son of mine enter this profession; no, I would much prefer that he live on a farm, where at least he is independent. But, if your son really wishes to enter the profession, I will allow him the hospitality of this office, where he may have access to my library. After three or four years' study, he will be fitted to attend to some little office business. I can not offer him more than an opportunity to prepare himself; but, by diligent study he may be, in the course of twenty years, able to —"

The Cadi did not permit the Great Lawyer to finish. The Cadi said the proposition would be considered, and together we beat a Spanish retreat, advancing on the sanctum of a great Editor.

The Cadi and I sent our cards to the Great Editor, and we soon followed them. The Great Editor hurled one glance at us, and asked:

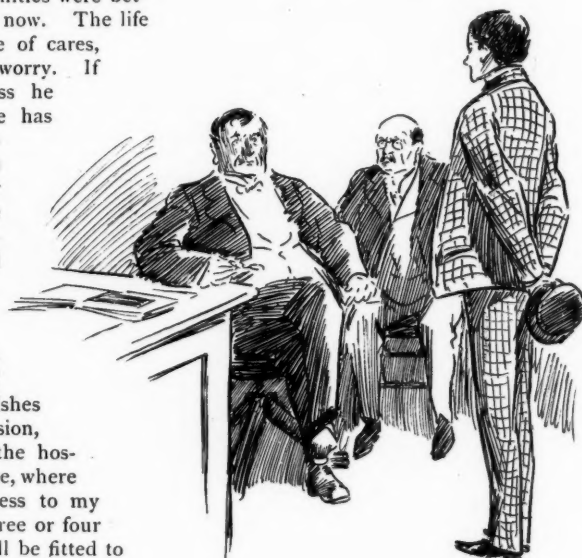
"What can I do for you?"

"My, son," faltered the Cadi, and it seemed to me he was somewhat awed, "wishes to become a journalist. So I came to see if —"

"H'm!" grunted the Great Editor; "we have no need of journalists. In truth, we never use them. We employ newspaper men only."

The Cadi seemed taken aback; but explained that in his mind a journalist and a newspaper man were synonyms.

"That is a popular fallacy," continued the Great Editor, as he knocked a cockroach into the paste-pot; "a newspaper man is a slave. He knows little but eighteen hours a day. The salaries are small. A street laborer gets paid better for what he does than the average worker on a newspaper. There is not a business or a profession but brings better returns. There is not a trade or business but brings more independence. A journalist takes life easy and spends his time telling how newspapers are made. He is like the rooster that gets out and splits his throat cackling, after the egg is laid. In the



## A FALSE ACCUSATION.

MISS KOLDCASH (the heiress).—Oh! I know your stamp of man. You only wish to marry me for my money. If you want gold so bad, why don't you go to the Klondike and dig it? No; not you! You want gold, but you are not willing to suffer to get it.

MR. HUNTER.—Heavens, Miss Koldcash! Have n't I offered to marry you for it?

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old days a hand press and one case of type was foundation for a newspaper. It takes millions of capital now. A poor boy stands no show. He needs capital. For heaven's sake, don't let your son begin in this business. Better to take him out and dump him in the harbor."

The Cadi told the Great Editor that his talk had been a revelation to him, and he hoped some one would find the time and authority to issue a second proclamation of emancipation. We thanked the Great Editor, and then climbed down the stairs to the street, where we began a solemn march to the Cadi's office.

"Father," I said to the Cadi, as we walked along thoughtfully, "what is wrong with everything? Are all these men working for nothing?"

"No, my son," answered the Cadi, ironically; "they are working for love. Perchance they pay for the privilege of working."

"What is the matter?" I persisted.

"Too many boys, I guess," answered the Cadi. "Something



#### SAGACIOUS ANIMALS.

AMATEUR SPORTSMAN.—Your hounds all appear to be sick.

BACKWOODSMAN.—Oh, no! — they're only playin' off sick; — they think you want to borrow 'em to go shootin' with.

#### THE MODERN DRAMA.

"Have you got your play copyrighted yet?" asked the friend.

"Copyrighted? No; why should I? I have it patented," answered the dramatist. "I am a playwright, not a poet."

#### A BROOKLYN BLOCKADE.

MRS. BOERUM-PLACE (*of Brooklyn, anxiously*). — You are an hour late, Marmaduke! Was there an accident on the trolley line?

MR. BOERUM-PLACE (*re-sighing*). — No, love; only another blockade of baby carriages.

#### A SIMPLE PROGRAMME.

THE MISSIONARY. — My friend, what would you do if you expected the end of the world in ten days?

THE TRAMP. — Wait for it.

WORRY IS the interest we pay on our interest in life.

DANCING IS the poetry of motion, sometimes; often it is mere doggerel.

AMBITION STARVES; but everybody is ready to ask success to dinner.

GUESSWORK is not apt to be over-remunerative.



#### A POSSIBLE EXPLANATION.

MRS. SCRIBBLER. — What did the editor say about your story, John?

MR. SCRIBBLER. — Why, he was delighted with it! Said he thought Kipling wrote very much after my style, but that my style was superior to his in imagery, word-painting and genius.

MRS. SCRIBBLER. — Then he took it?

MR. SCRIBBLER. — Well, no; — he — er — said he was obliged to reject it on account of lack of space; but, to tell you the truth, I think he must be down on Kipling; some people are, you know!

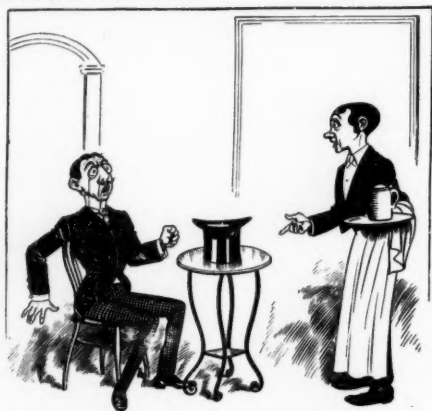


#### REIGNING.

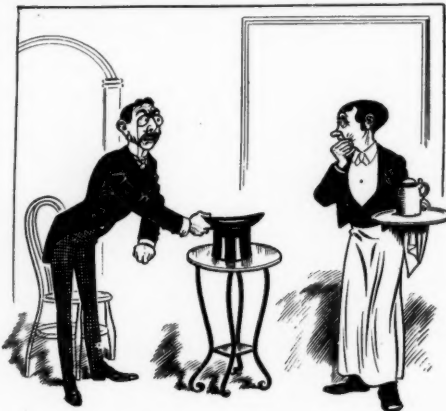
While he's filled with tender passion,  
She reigns o'er him; no doubt  
At times she reigns a bit too hard,  
And then he is put out.

TURNING THE TABLE ON HIM.

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WAITER.—Why—er—er—Gent—that table has just been varnished, and your hat will stick to it!



CUSTOMER.—Why did n't you tell me that before, you addle-pated monkey? You may take that beer back. I would n't stay in such a place!



"I never heard of such stupidity in all my life!"

FINANCIAL EMBARRASSMENT.



UNDERSTAND," said Judge Hobson, meeting his friend, Lawyer Dobson, on the street, "that our dear old friend, Deacon Jobson, is financially embarrassed."

"Lord! I had n't heard a thing about it," ejaculated Dobson eagerly; "how did it happen? Has the old fool been speculating?"

"Why, no!" replied Judge Hobson; "it all came about through his rich brother Abner dying and leaving him all his money."

"But I don't see—"

"You don't? Why, he also named the Deacon as sole executor of the estate, without bonds, of course!"

"But I thought you said our dear friend was financially embarrassed," said Dobson, coldly, scenting a rat and inwardly cursing his lack of foresight at having called the Deacon an "old fool."

"He is," answered the Judge, in a gentle whisper; "for, you see, our good friend can not possibly formulate a scheme by which he can make an honest dollar out of the estate without robbing himself—it must be very embarrassing to a man like the Deacon. Shall I see you at prayer-meeting to-night, brother Dobson? Yes? Well, good morning!"



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A SHREWD GUESS.

MRS. VANDEWATER (during acrobatic specialty).—I wonder how acrobats ever learn to turn such wonderful somersaults!

VANDEWATER.—I imagine they take bicycle lessons.

REVISED.

FRIEND.—Well, what is to be the subject of your graduation essay—"Beyond the Alps lies Italy?"

THE VALEDICTORIAN.—No. "Beyond the Chilkoot Pass lies the Klondike."



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A PRECEDENT FOR IT.

MR. GEORGE WASHINGTON COONLY.—But doan yo' fink dat Sunbeam am a disappropriate name foh er li'l brack baby?

HIS WIFE.—What ob dat? Didn' youah mammy name yo' Gawge Washin'ton?

IT NEEDS SCRAPING.

AUNT PRUDENCE.—I see in the paper that they are going to build a sky-scraper in Pittsburg.

UNCLE EBENEZER.—Well, they need one. It's so black now there that a full moon is in danger of gittin' lost.

TOO THIN.

"Oh, spare me!" screamed the actress slim, As in the play we viewed her.

"You 're spare enough," sneered Ugly Jim— And the villain still pursued her.

WHEN YOU start out to look for trouble you will always find plenty of people ready to direct you to the best way to find it.





PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**MR. CROKER'S TRIUMPH.** THE SECOND greatest city in the world has elected for its first Mayor a man whose chief distinction has been that he was arrested for disorderly conduct at a French Ball. Many excellent citizens will profess to be humiliated by this result, and there will be a disposition to blame Boss Platt for it; but this will be unjust to Mr. Platt. It is true that he contributed to it so far as was in his power, even to the extent of turning what votes he could from his own candidate to Tammany's. But, after all, so long as we believe in representative government we must believe that the people get what they want every time. The anti-Tammany votes outnumbered the Tammany votes considerably, and the voters were all over seven years of age, so their objection to the Tammany candidate was not so pronounced as to cause them to vote for his only possible opponent. And so, if the people of Greater New York desired the return of Tammany to power, PUCK can not do otherwise than congratulate them. He welcomes all the old Tammany Boys to the new field, and wishes them fat pickings and jails that are hard to get into. And his best wish for the first Mayor of Greater New York is that he may disappoint his friends and astound those who opposed him by giving the city a decent administration.

**A SECURE REFORM.** CIVIL SERVICE REFORM has been so nicely welded to our system of government that we are apt to take it quite as a matter of course, forgetting its newness and the hazard that marked its early years. But occasionally a gaunt and starving spoilsman at the outer gate emits a wail so laden with grief that we pause and marvel that the politicians should ever have submitted so tamely to the will of the people. Sometimes it is a Gallinger bemoaning the lost days when it was so easy and respectable to rob the public Treasury under the guise of devotion to party. Sometimes it is a Wellington or a Gros-

**"INTERNATIONAL BIMETALLISM."** IT IS NOT every simple soul that can follow the devious windings of the currency-reform maze.

Most of them lose the trail just beyond the point that Free Silver wants to pay a dollar debt with fifty cents. Of course that is enough to know to be saved, but the light revolves now and then and some other point is clearly illuminated, even for the unlearned. For example, the least capable of us can now understand what "international bimetalism" means. It is seen to have no connection with any actual monetary system, but to be a plan of junketing about and chatting with the other nations about what all of them would possibly like to do if all of them did not bluntly object to doing it. Its object, we glean from the latest illustration, is to pacify insurgent silverites, and to provide for use in the next presidential campaign this tribute: "And, as proof that our honored leader is not unfriendly to the cause of the white metal, we point with pride to the Bimetallic Commission which he despatched to Europe in the first year of his term." In future permissible synonyms of "international bimetalism" will be "a bluff," "a jolly," and "a confidence game."

NOTICE.

THERE IS ONLY ONE THING BETTER THAN LAST YEAR'S Christmas Puck. THAT IS THIS YEAR'S Christmas Puck. THERE WILL BE NOTHING BETTER THAN THIS YEAR'S Christmas Puck FOR ANOTHER WHOLE YEAR. IT WILL BE OUT DECEMBER 3D. YOU WILL BE TOLD MORE ABOUT ITS ATTRACTIONS NEXT WEEK. MAKE YOURSELF ONE OF A Happy Multitude BY PUTTING IN YOUR ORDER FOR IT EARLY.

ONE OF LIFE'S EXPERIENCES.



HE ROSE from nothing, yet the fact  
Did not his soul elate;  
But, rather, on the other hand,  
He roundly cursed his fate.

He rose from nothing, it is true;  
His feelings we can share;  
He sat down ere he found his wife  
Had moved the easy chair.

McLanburgh Wilson.

A DEFINITION.

JOHNNY. — Papa, what is a faction?  
PAPA. — It is a term used to describe that section of the party to which you do not belong.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE.

MRS. BALLOTBOX. — I hear they are paying three dollars for votes in the next district.  
MRS. WIREPULLER. — Pooh! I can get them for two ninety-eight.

ABSORBED.

"Perkins takes a deep interest in politics, does n't he?"  
"I should say so! Why, he did n't know there was a chainless wheel on the market until after the election!"

THE REAL DANGER.

"Is the State safe?" anxiously asked the intense partisan.  
"Yes," replied the other partisan, who was not so intense; "the State is safe, but I think the party is going to be snowed under."



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SHIFTING RESPONSIBILITY.

FRIEND. — How do you get along with the cooking?  
THE BRIDE. — Admirably! I blame it on the range.



1) A puny foundling was one day left upon the White House steps, where it might have perished —



2) — had not a very excellent nurse who happened to be there at the time, taken it in, nourished it through the usual ills of babyhood, and made a fine, fat, healthy infant of it.



5) — And now, under a new nurse, who is proving capable as her predecessors, the foundling of '83 is of whom the country may well be proud. With the she will soon be a full-fledged young woman, with life before her.

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THE NURSES D  
SHOWING HOW CIVIL SERVICE REFORM HAS BEEN PRES





3) Then came another very capable nurse, who guided the little one through four years of its childhood, during which time it grew strong and learned to walk, so that—



4) —when its first nurse came back she found it a very promising child; indeed! During the four years which she remained she gave the child every possible care, guarding it zealously from all bad influences, and providing liberally for its future —

nurse, who is proving quite as watchful and the founding of '83 is a blooming maiden all be proud. With the care she is receiving aged young woman, with a long and useful

NURSES DID IT.

HAS BEEN PRESERVED FROM THE DEADLY SPOILS FEVER.



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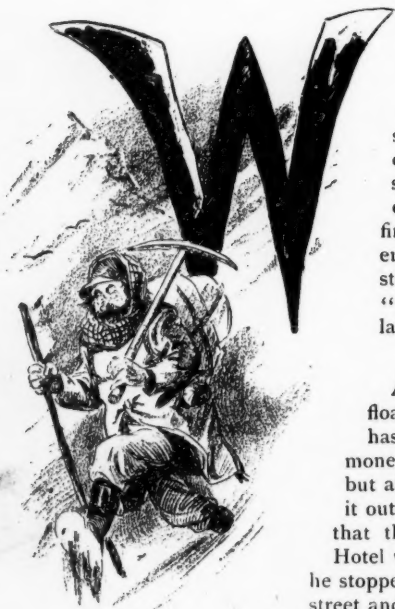
#### TRYING TO CAPTURE A BURGLAR.

MISS ANCIENT WANTIMAN (*suddenly awakening*).—I see you have my pocket-book; but there's very little money in that compared with what I have in bank.

BURGLAR (*gruffly*).—Well, there ain't no way to git that!

MISS ANCIENT WANTIMAN.—H'm! Are you a single man?

#### SOME WINTER "LOCALS" FROM THE CHILKOOT PASS BLIZZARD.



WE HEAR that many of the Eastern daily papers are publishing statements that tend to show a dearth of provisions in the Pass. These we brand as falsehoods; and, to show that there is no want whatever of the good things of life, we will state that the extreme cold weather of the last few days has reduced the fingers of the printers and pressmen employed on the *Blizzard* to such a state of numbness, that we have had "pi" in this office every day for the last week.

A fellow claiming to hail from Ohio, floated in over the trail yesterday. He has with him but a small amount of money and no provisions to speak of, but announced his intention of sticking it out until Spring. After he ascertained that the prices charged at the Gulch Hotel would break him in about one day, he stopped the editor of this sheet on the street and inquired the whereabouts of the bed-rock he had heard so much about.

"The bed-rock?" answered the editor; "what do you mean?"

"Well," replied the unsophisticated Ohioan, "you see, I have n't enough money to stop at the hotel, and I want to find the bed-rock. I've got to sleep somewhere."

Mary Ann McManus, formerly of St. Louis, is certainly an enterprising body. She arrived in the Pass six weeks ago, and built a shanty in which she started a laundry. Mary Ann takes a back seat for no one when it comes to washing a shirt.

In addition to her laundry she has erected a commodious waiting-room, which is heated by a red-hot stove, and here each of her clients whiles the minutes away while his shirt is being relieved of its grime. With womanly foresight she knew that the average was about one shirt per man in the Pass, and would not ask her customers to sit out in the cold until the job was completed. This lady charges \$2.50 per shirt;

and, as she washes one every ten minutes, it is safe to say she will have money to throw to the birds in the Springtime. Up to the time of going to press, she has received 189 offers of marriage, but has informed each suitor that she is not a candidate for the bigamy stakes, so it is inferred there is a Mr. McManus somewhere in this big, busy world of ours.

While there is a decided lack of the gentler sex in this part of the country at present, still, what few ladies have chosen to cast their lots with us are eighteen karat. Snap Shot Sue, the bar-lady in Calabar Mike's Ice Palace saloon, is a shining example of the influence which the presence of lovely woman sheds, even in this ice-bound community. As is well known, Mike had some trouble with his former bar-lady about the cash register. This register is unique, and consists of a tall, pine board, with a sign affixed on the upper end, "Customers will please see that the bar-lady shoots a hole in this board with her six-shooter, for each drink taken."

Now, the former bar-lady was an expert at gun-play, and used to shoot through the same hole five or six times in succession. Mike caught on and fired her. Her successor, Snap Shot Sue, is filled to the brim with wit and repartee. To relate an instance: the other day a tenderfoot, six feet tall, thin as a rail and built on the clothes-horse order, called for a drink. As Sue grabbed the dollar and deftly shot a hole in the board, he timidly asked:

"Do you think, Miss, there will be any chance for me to stake a few claims in this country in the Spring?"

With a comprehensive glance at the questioner's starved-out appearance, Sue answered:

"No; I hardly think thar will be, stranger, unless ye claim a few steaks before Winter's over."

We are constantly annoyed by persons who have a whole lot of surplus time and very little of anything else, sending in the most frivolous questions to this office and demanding answers to them.

Our Answers to Questions Editor is still laid up with a bullet wound in his hip, and won't be ready for business for two weeks to come. It will be remembered that Cactus Cal sent in the following question some three weeks ago:

"How in Hades do you thaw out a ham that has been frozen solid for a month?"

Our Query Editor, who is something of a humorist, answered through these columns that he did n't know, as he had never been in Hades. As soon as that member of our editorial staff is on his feet again, fire away with your questions. He is doing nicely at present, and the ball which Cactus shot into him has been extracted.

James Dunn Crawley.



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#### TAKING NO CHANCES.

SMALL BOY (*at the cross-roads*).—Say! Mister, which of dese roads are you going to take?

SPORTSMAN.—What business is it of yours?

SMALL BOY.—Well, I'll make it my business to take de oder one—I ain't takin' no chances uv getting shot, or havin' all me game scared away by amateurs. See?



# HOW MR. FOOTLITES SAVED HIS LIFE.

A TALE OF THE "FREE SAMPLE" SYSTEM OF THE DEPARTMENT STORES.

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MR. FOOTLITES (the actor).—Out of an engagement and not a bite to eat since yesterday!—if I don't get some food soon it will be all over with me. Ah! what's this I see?



"Thanks! This canned soup is magnificent!—I'll speak to my wife about getting some."



"These Boston baked beans are really fine—I shall send you an order in a day or two."



"Thank you! I will try another biscuit—I will send my butler down at once for some of this marvelous baking powder."

## ANENT CHOPIN.



HEY MET first at a musicale, and, strangely enough, talked music—think of talking music at a musicale—and found that their tastes in that line differed just enough to add the requisite sauce to conversation.

He complained that the modern Teutonic school was too classically cold and correct; while she found the melodies of the Italian masters cloying in their sweetness. It was on Chopin, however, that they were at one—Chopin, the

divine, the incomparable. Unfortunately, there was n't any Chopin on the programme.

As the next bes. thing, she told him the first time he came to see her she would play the —th nocturne for him. She said she was just learning it.

He did n't give the moon a chance to do much waxing and waning before he called. One can't be sure it was Chopin who was the magnet, but certain it is that it did not take long for the —th nocturne to make its presence felt. When she had finished, she



"Wonderfully good cocoa!—I must have my chef lay in a supply of it at once!"



"The most delicious buckwheat cakes I ever ate—my housekeeper shall get some of this prepared flour immediately."



said she still made mistakes, but hoped to be perfect in it next time they met.

"Oh! I hope we shall meet again before that!" he said, eagerly, impulsively.

He soon became aware of a change in the atmosphere, and beat an early retreat to think matters over.

Now he forswears Chopin; and her subsequent conduct has caused him to declare that, putting aside the classical correctness of the Teutonic school, she can give it cards and spades when it comes to frigidity.

Morris Wright Pool.



"Ah! I am a new man again—these department stores are great institutions and no mistake!"

## THE RURAL HUMORIST.

FARMER HORNBEAK (to his long-eared steed).—

Whoa, there, Populist!

DRUMMER.—That's a funny name for a mule!

Why do you call him Populist?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Chronic kicker!

## FOR ROUGH AND TUMBLE.

MRS. DOBSON.—Why, John! What in the world does this mean?

MR. DOBSON.—Well, Bob is going to give me a lesson on the bicycle, and he loaned me this foot-ball suit for the venture!

THE MANNERS that some men are at such pains to assume are often not unlike the wall-papers of their houses—a good deal worse than plain white walls.

breathe  
chalations  
Gives the  
ght.  
ague.  
ranches:  
Broadway,  
W. 125th St.

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# THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.  
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

**S O H M E R.**

## PATENT COVERS

FOR  
FILING PUCK, 75 Cents.

By Mail, \$1.00.

Address, H. WIMMEL, Puck Building, New York.

## HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS. PAPER WAREHOUSE.

32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, New York.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 30 Beekman Street, New York.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

## OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS

Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

## OPPENHEIMER CURE

Offers a Perfect Remedy for  
ALCOHOLISM,  
MORPHINISM &  
NEURASTHENIA

The Craving for Liquor Removed in One Day. Use of drugs discontinued at once, WITHOUT DANGER. No Hypodermics. NO INTERRUPTION OF ORDINARY HABITS. Guaranteed that the craving, of itself, can never return. PRIVACY ASSURED. For other information, testimonials and references, in complete booklet, send or call THE OPPENHEIMER CURE, 131 W. 45th St., New York.

## Uncle Sam's Examinations

Will soon be held in every State for Clerks and Carriers in the Post Office Service, in which 3000 appointments were made last year! We have prepared hundreds for civil service examinations who received early appointments to Government Service. Fifth Year! Particulars as to salaries, dates, places of examinations, etc., free. National Correspondence Institute (Incorporated). 602 Second Nat'l Bank Building, Washington, D. C.

## A REGULAR SWARM.

"Henry, do you believe in the universal brotherhood of man?" "Believe in it? I should say so; down at the seashore this Summer I had thirty-five sisters."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I'd be reconciled to the idea of smoking in hades," said the Irreverent Philosopher, "if I were only sure the smoke would be good Havana and not soft coal."—*Washington Capital.*

YEAST.—I've just invested in one of those salt-and-pepper suits.

CRIMSONBEAK.—Well, that sounds as if it would be good for at least two seasons.

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

## Somerset Club



Absolutely  
Pure.  
Very Old.  
Delicious  
Flavor.

## Maryland Rye

Acknowledged by Connoisseurs to have no superior. Used by Families, Clubs, Cafés and Hotels. Sold at all first-class Grocers and by Jobbers. Small Sample bottle sent free upon receipt of 25 cents for shipping charges.

EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

## AN ADVANTAGEOUS POSITION.

ADVERTISER.—I wish this advertisement placed in some part of the paper where people will be sure to see it.

EDITOR.—Yes, sir—yes, sir. I can put it right along side of an editorial, if you wish.

ADVERTISER.—H'm! Please put it alongside of the baseball news.—*New York Weekly.*

"You say his credit is bad?"

"Bad? Why it has gotten so that he can't even borrow trouble!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE Summer is over and golf has been declared off.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

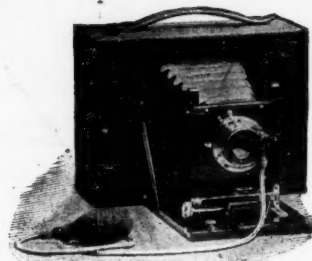


LED ASTRAY.

THE TRAMP.—Any work I kin do?

MRS. JONES.—Yes—

THE TRAMP.—Oh! Mum! I'm a poor, misguided man! Dis house was p'inted out ter me as a place where dere never was no odd jobs to do.



## KODAKS

The annual family gathering at the Thanksgiving table, the children's Christmas tree, groups of friends gathered to pass a winter's evening—all make delightful indoor subjects for winter Kodaking, while the fields and trees in snowy garb make quite as beautiful subjects for outdoor work as do the green groves and meadows of summer.

Put a Kodak on your Christmas List.  
\$5.00 to \$25.00.

The new Kodaks all take our Light-Proof Film Cartridges and can be

LOADED IN DAYLIGHT.

For Sale by all Dealers. Catalogue free at agencies or by mail.

No Camera is a KODAK unless manufactured by the Eastman Kodak Co.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## ELECTRICAL

Bicycle, and Photo. Novelties, low prices, 100 page cat. FREE. E. E. S. CO., 82 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

## Yale Mixture



## Anæmic? TRY

# VIN MARIANI

(MARIANI WINE)

The Ideal French Tonic  
FOR BODY AND BRAIN

Since 1863, Endorsed by Medical Faculty

immediate lasting efficacious agreeable

LOTS of men with rich fathers-in-law are always tired.—*Washington Democrat.*

## Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are more durable and are ahead of all others FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., post free from all stationers, or wholesale of

H. BAINBRIDGE & Co., 99 William St., EDWARD KIMPTON, 48 John St.;

TOWER MFG. CO., 306 Broadway, New York.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., 715 Market Street, Philadelphia.

HOOPER, LEWIS & Co., 8 Milk Street, Boston.

A. C. MCLURG & Co., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

BROWN BROS., Ltd., 48 King Street, Toronto.



9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.

We have purchased S. RAE & CO.'S FINEST SUBLIME LUCCA OIL at retail in the open market, and have submitted samples so obtained to careful chemical analysis.

We find the oil to be PURE OLIVE OIL unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity, and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of SUPERIOR QUALITY AND FLAVOR.

THE LEDOUX CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

*A. R. Ledoux* pres.

Est. 1836.

S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

WITH eggs selling at \$17 a dozen, Alaska would be a good place for amateur thespians to strike.—*Norristown Herald.*

## Those Fine English Tobaccos

Put up by W. D. & H. O. WILLS of Bristol, England.

and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can be obtained for you by your dealer.

If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands,

J. W. SURBRUG, Sole Agent, 159 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.

Capstan  
Bird's Eye  
Westward Ho  
Three Castles  
Gold Flake, etc.

RA FALLS ONLY 9 HOURS FROM NEW YORK BY THE NEW YORK CENTRAL





THE COOK & BERNHEIMER CO., New York.  
Sole Agents for the United States.

Latest Pickings from Puck, No. 25.

## Worn Out?

Do you come to the close of the day thoroughly exhausted? Does this continue day after day, possibly week after week? Perhaps you are even too exhausted to sleep. Then something is wrong. All these things indicate that you are suffering from nervous exhaustion. Your nerves need feeding and your blood enriching.

## Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, contains just the remedies to meet these wants. The cod-liver oil gives the needed strength, enriches the blood, feeds the nerves, and the hypophosphites give them tone and vigor. Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

All druggists; 50c. and \$2.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.



TRADE MARK ADOPTED JAN. 1881.  
**R. STEINECKE CO.**  
MAKERS - NEW YORK  
E. C. HAZARD & CO., Dist. Agents,  
119 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK.

## OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE  
**AWARD ON GILLOTT'S PENS**  
AT THE  
**CHICAGO EXPOSITION.**

**AWARD:** "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: JOHN BOYD THACHER,  
Chairman Exec. Com. on Awards.

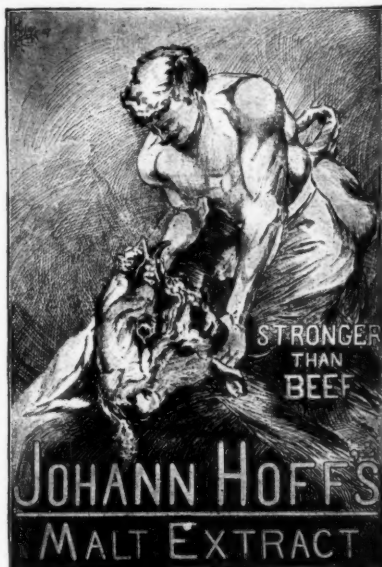
## A FATHER'S MEAN TRICK.

ENAMORED YOUTH.—I beg you, sir, for the hand of your daughter. I can not live without her.

OLD GRUMPS.—Glad to hear it. I can't live with her. Name the day, young man, and have it soon.

ENAMORED YOUTH (*backing off*).—U'm—er—please give me time to reflect.—*New York Weekly*.

"I WISH, my dear," said the professor, as he rose for the third time to shut the smoke off his student lamp, "that you could trim a lamp-wick as successfully as you can trim a hat."—*Washington Capital*.



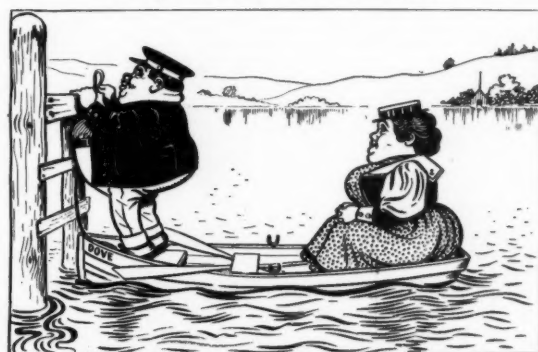
## BARKLEEDER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

**CANDY** Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,  
212 State St., Chicago.

## A QUESTION OF WEIGHT.



MR. FATZ.—One moment, my dear. Oi'll get out, tie the boat, and then help you out.

"A MAN may guy,  
And a man may lie,  
And a man may puff  
and blow;  
But he can't get trade  
By sitting in the shade,  
Waiting for business  
to grow."  
—*The Western Advertiser*.

When you want sparkling wine get Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. Its purity and delicious flavor commend it.

OVERHEARD.  
"Where's Hen?"  
"Up to the barn lavin' a floor."—*West Union Gazette*.

**YOU CAN'T** tell; a red-nosed man may not drink—but it's uncertain. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 121 West 43d St., N. Y., makes red-nosed men look like prohibitionists. Book sent for 2-cent stamp.

# IT'S THE Lather THAT HAS GIVEN THE FAME TO WILLIAMS' Shaving Soaps



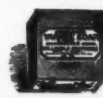
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS—In forms best adapted to different tastes and uses, sold everywhere.



Luxury Shaving Tablet

25 cents.

Round—"just fits the cup." Delicate perfume.



"Genuine Yankee" Soap,

10 cents.

Oldest and most famous cake of shaving soap in the world.



Williams' Shaving Stick

25 cents.



Williams' Shaving Soap.

This is the kind your barber should use. Exquisite also for Toilet and Bath, used in thousands of the best families. Sure cure for "chapped hands" 4 cakes in a package—40 cents. Trial sample for a 2-cent stamp.

NOTE—If your dealer fails to supply Address  
you—we mail these soaps to any address—prepaid—on receipt of price.

Williams' Exquisite "Jersey Cream" Toilet Soap, 15 cents

## Arnold Constable & Co. LACES.

Beaded Net Robes,  
Guipure and Renaissance Lace Waists.  
Lace Berthas, Jackets, Collars.  
Real Laces, Bridal Veils.

Broadway & 19th St.  
NEW YORK.

## Dr. Jaeger's SANATORY UNDERWEAR

AS USED BY  
**Dr. Nansen**  
on his famous Arctic sledge journey.

"The result of all this experimenting was that I eventually made up my mind to keep to my woollen clothes, which would give free outlet to the perspiration. Johansen followed my example, and on the upper part of our bodies we each had two Jaeger Undershirts next the skin," etc., etc.—"Farthest North," Vol. II., p. 115.

## This Applies to You.

Jaeger Underwear allows the skin to breathe freely, at the same time absorbing its exhalations and leaving the body dry and warm. Gives the greatest warmth with the least weight.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Main Retail Store: 16 W. 23D ST., New York.  
Branches: 166 Broadway, 248 W. 125th St.

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

For reliable information, enclose 3-cent stamp to Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, Cal.

MONEY IN FICTION.



HERE IS always an occasion in every novel when, a character being represented by the author as having a certain sum of money, we are seized with burning curiosity to know what he is going to do with it. People may prate of a writer's wonderful powers of delineation and beautiful verbiage, but it is only when they go upon the chase of a character with money in his pocket that they truly feel the spell of the author's genius. As soon as a character comes into possession of this money we are nervous about him. We hope that he will not make a fool of himself. We hope that he will not listen to the advice of those interested parties in whom he seems to place such a blind and aggravating confidence. We would like to project ourselves within the book in order to give him some reliable advice.

Suppose we read an English story in which the usual poor orphan has the usual fourpence ha' penny at the time that he sets out from London to find his father's half-brother, who is said to live down in Worcestersaucetershire. Now, if this were a real flesh-and-blood boy, we would consider him particularly well fixed with his fourpence ha' penny, and we would scorn to aid him further. But a poor boy in a novel is a different matter. We worry about him, we fidget; if we have time to read at ease and take our comfort, we drop a tear upon the page. We know perfectly well that he comes out at the end of the first volume a handsome young man with a moustache, a sweetheart, and an important but vague position in "a house in the China trade," yet we are now greatly depressed at his hopeless outlook, and we fear that, owing to the dangers of this journey, he will probably not live the week out. Still we know that he will; and, full of dread, we read on with pleasing anticipations.

In the first place, he walks along and enjoys the sweet scents and caller air of the morning. This is only for contrast, and it does not last very long. The author soon gets his sun up toward the zenith, and the poor boy walks along the hot roads. He takes a rest under a hedge. He gets a "short lift from a gruff carter." Once he sees two "rough men," and he clutches his coins tightly in his pocket. These men have a "week's growth of beard on their faces," and the author makes this week's growth so fierce that it seems to be six inches long. Why does an author never catch his cheap villain after a cheap shave? Then he would have a hard sight.

As night comes on, the poor boy enters the outskirts of a provincial town. If the author fails at this point to describe the cathedral, we are in luck. The poor boy is almost exhausted. After the heat of the day a cold wind makes him shiver. He is discouraged. He fears that he can never find his half-uncle, who is naturally much harder to find than a whole uncle would be.

Since morning he has had nothing to eat for he has been husbanding his money, and now it is that he looks in at the windows of shops and markets, and ponders anxiously what to buy. What can he procure with fourpence ha' penny? And now we are anxious ourselves. It seems as if a great generous public might let a poor boy spend fourpence ha' penny as he liked, but it insists on the account. Millionaires who spend a bundle of crisp new bills each day, insist upon an account of the disbursement of this fourpence ha' penny.

The poor boy gazes hungrily in at the shop doors. He sees rich cakes and noble brown loaves. In front of two or three places he halts, and then ventures in to inquire the price of something; but the shop-keepers are busy cringing to rich customers. At last, at a late hour, in very desperation, he enters a chop-house down near a wharf. He finds that a chop will cost him one and ha' penny; but he determines on the purchase. A half quartern loaf at a penny leaves him twopence. A glass



HAD HONORS ENOUGH.

CAPTAIN OF FOOT-BALL TEAM (as he is borne off the field in triumph).—Dear me! If my good old mother could see me now it would break her heart.

HALF-BACK.—Why?

CAPTAIN.—She has always prophesied that I would some day be President of the United States; but, if she could see me now, she would realize that I could never really care for that office.



HIS ACTION.

MRS. O'HOGGARTY.—Phwat is yure husband doin' fer his rheumatism, Mrs. McLubberty?

MRS. McLUBBERTY.—Domming iveryt'ing ilse.

of milk completes his order. He figures that with the change coming to him—one and three far-den—he will be able to buy his breakfast. But while he waits for his order the waiter returns, and says that one of the pennies, demanded in advance, is bad; and, in proof of it, shows him a bad penny. "But that was not mine," answers the poor boy. "Oh! you'll accuse me, will you, you young reskill?" says the waiter; "then out you goes." And without supper or money the waiter thrusts the poor boy into the street. The situation is so sad that the author is radiant with delight. He wishes he could be allowed to fetch the boy a kick himself to crown the golden climax. He walks the lad out through the deserted streets and far into the country.

The stars have long come out when the weary lad seeks for rest the rude shelter of a stack of hay. All night, in his troubled dreams, he tries vainly to find his half-uncle, who is, of course, much harder to find than a whole uncle would be.

Williston Fish.

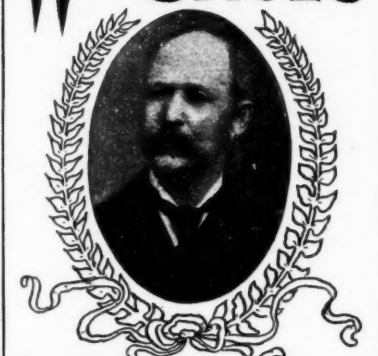
REPUTATION is more than a bubble to the soap manufacturer.



**IF YOU'RE A PIPE SMOKER**  
A TRIAL  
WILL CONVINCE THAT  
**GOLDEN SCEPTRE**  
IS PERFECTION  
SEND FOR SAMPLE PACKAGE  
10c FOR 10c  
1lb 1.30 1/4lb 40c  
POSTAGE PAID  
CATALOGUE FREE  
SURBRUG 159 FULTON ST.  
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**3.00 W.L. Douglas 3.50 SHOES**



Good Shoes are the result of good judgment and EXPERIENCE. Our shoes reveal original nicely made possible only by an EXPERIENCE of many years. The W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES are speaking for themselves every day on the feet of over a MILLION PEOPLE.

The W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES are sold at our \$2 EXCLUSIVE STORES in the large cities and by 5000 dealers throughout the U.S.

MADE IN CALF PATENT CALF FRENCH ENAMEL SEAL GOAT. BOX CALF, BLACK KID, RUSSIA STORM CALF, CORDOVAN

Australian Kan garoo tops, fast color hooks and eyelets. 155 Styles and Widths from A to EE.

IF ORDERED BY MAIL STATE SIZE AND WIDTH AND SEND 25 CENTS EXTRA FOR CARRIAGE TO W.L. DOUGLAS BROOKTON, MASS. - CATALOGUE FREE.

If it were not for our fathers, many of us would have to select our political parties for ourselves. — Roxbury Gazette.

**PIEL BROS.** East New York Brewery, BROOKLYN.  
ESTABLISHED 1883.  
**Real German Lager Beer**  
MADE OF  
Finest Hops and Barley-Malt Exclusively  
AND FREE FROM ALL CHEMICALS,  
consequently  
PURE, WHOLESOME, DELICIOUS,  
The Best Beverage for Healthy and Sick.  
Light Beer, \$1.25; Dark Beer, \$1.50;  
24 Bottles, Delivered in New York, Brooklyn,  
Jersey City and Hoboken. Also in Kegs.

"THIS may be getting near to Nature's heart," murmured the belated camper-out, "but Nature's heart appears to be chilled marble." — Washington Capital.

We make the claim that at least in one particular we are like the Lord: we love a cheerful giver. — Atchison Globe.

MABEL.—Mr. Jones asked me to get in the hammock with him last night. What do you think?  
JACK.—I think you got in. — Princeton Tiger.



## A Bottle OF Evans' Ale contains

Richness of Bouquet,  
Creamy Head,  
Mellowness of Flavor,  
Amber-like Brilliancy,  
and pungent taste of the true bitter.

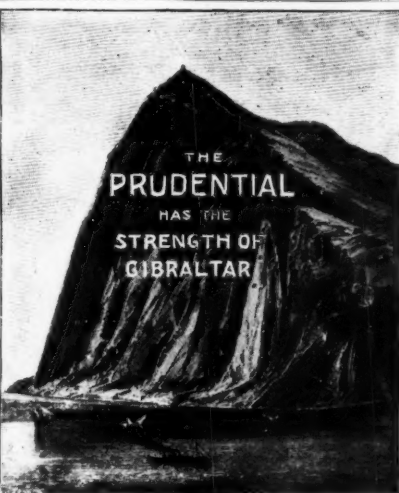
Does not contain a particle of sediment.

WHEN a woman in a street-car is engaged purchasing a newspaper, the newsboy calculates on riding at least a mile before she finishes. — Roxbury Gazette.

THE BOARDER (with a smile).—My husband's appetite is getting better.

THE LANDLADY (with a long face).—I should say it was getting worse. — Vonkers Statesman.

It is a rare man who commends: men like to tell how it should have been done. — Atchison Globe.



THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

A TRIUMPH OF . . . . .  
FINANCIAL PROGRESSION

## THE PRUDENTIAL

Had for 1896 the  
Largest Increase in Income of Any Life Insurance Company in the United States

Assets	Income	Surplus	Policies in force, nearly	Insurance in force	Claims Paid, over
\$19,541,827	\$14,158,445	\$4,034,116	2,500,000	\$320,000,000	\$28,000,000

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JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

OUT DECEMBER 3D:  
THE 1897  
**Christmas Puck**  
WILL BE THE  
Finest Holiday Publication  
EVER ISSUED  
IN AMERICA.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER COPY

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MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS BY THE  
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PUCK, NEW YORK.

The CALIFORNIA LIMITED  
Santa Fe Route

Twice a week between Chicago and Los Angeles Pullman palace sleepers, Buffet-Smoker and through Dining car managed by Mr. Fred Harvey; also Pullman between St. Louis and Los Angeles in connection with Wabash R.R. via Kansas City. Only first-class tickets honored.

Time from Chicago: 72 hours; from St. Louis: 69 hours; and from New York and Boston only four days.

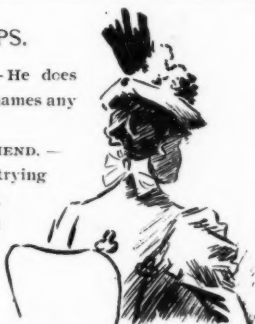
Best Route  
Best Train  
Best Time

W. J. Black, Agent, St. Louis, Mo. C. A. Higgins, Agent, Chicago, Ill.

PERHAPS.

THE BRIDE.—He does n't call me pet names any more.

MARRIED FRIEND.—Perhaps he is trying to find one that is new and not ridiculous.



**RHEINSTROM BROS.**  
CINCINNATI  
**Angostura Bark Bitters**

Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.

5 Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.

1 Bottle is as good as a bottle of most of the others.

For sale by all Leading Jobbers and Retailers.

## War with Spain.

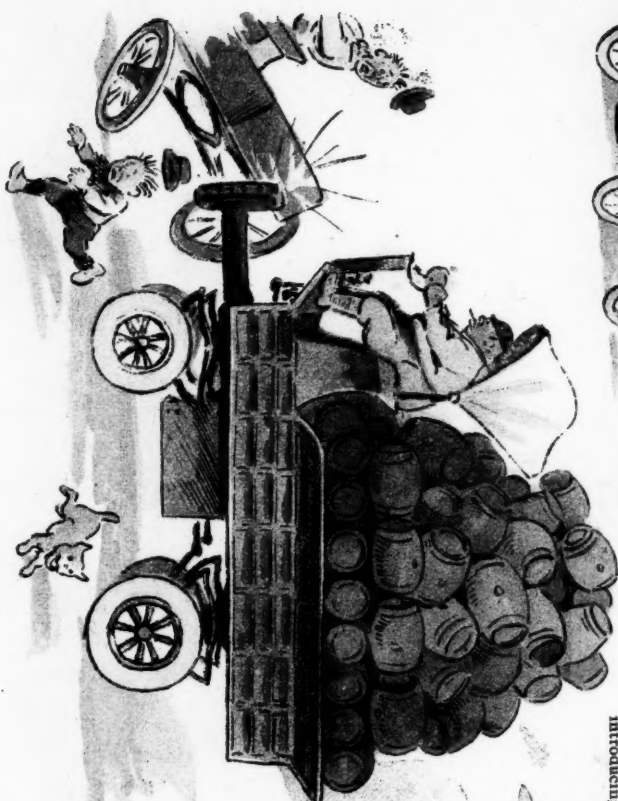
A vivid picture of the stirring scenes which would follow a declaration of war with European Powers is given under the head "A Brief History of Our Late War with Spain" in the November Cosmopolitan. The writer has undertaken to apply the knowledge gained from the late war to the conditions prevailing to-day, with modern ideas of bigness and modern methods of organization. He assigns posts in the war to prominent men now before the public, and touches as well upon the political, mechanical and financial problems involved. November Cosmopolitan, price 10 cents.



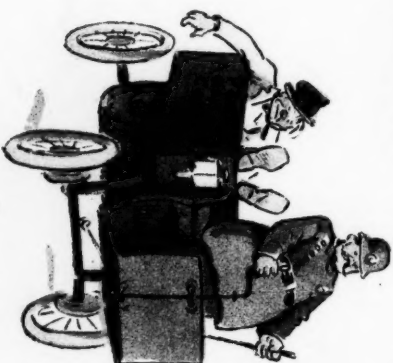
I. Enterprising undertakers won't be long in introducing motor funerals.



II. When the Prince of Wales comes to the throne he will doubtless add to his popularity by having an up-to-date coronation carriage.



III. The brewery wagon will be more formidable than ever when it is run by a motor.



IV. Hand-organists will find the motor vehicle handy.



V. The motor vehicle must soon take the place of the hand-cart for police use.

VI. The "Wild West" Show of the Future - The Attack on the Stage-Coach.